

BERLIN ON "GREATEST BATTLE IN HISTORY"

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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One Penny.

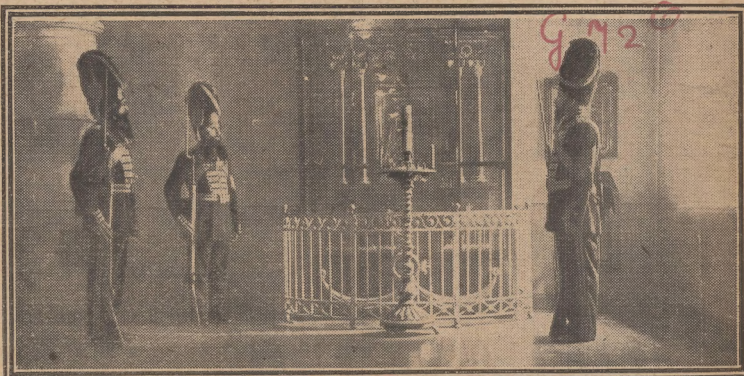
PETROGRAD'S "CHELSEA PENSIONERS": BULGARIA'S AGED LIBERATORS WHO WANTED TO PUNISH TREACHERY.



Greybeards all, they wanted to fight against the Bulgarians, whom they helped to free from the Turks. They are very bitter on the subject of King Ferdinand's treachery.



Though the weather is bitterly cold, he is always at his post.



In a church at Petrograd. They wear the French Army uniform at the time of Napoleon.



A veteran with his breast covered with medals. All have won the St. George's Cross.

Petrograd has no more picturesque figures than the old Grenadiers, who, no matter how bitter the weather, guard the city's statues and buildings. The battalion was formed in 1827 by the Emperor Nicholas I. in commemoration of the war against Napoleon, as he wished to show "his deep gratitude for the guards' bravery and devotion during the campaign." They wear old-fashioned uniforms, which look very strange these days.

and are the equivalent of our Chelsea Pensioners. None is under seventy years of age, and it was therefore impossible to gratify their wish to fight against the Bulgarians, but nearly all have sons in the army. One has two boys, who have both won the St. George's Cross, which will enable them to enter the regiment. No man is eligible unless he has won this decoration.—(From The Daily Mirror staff photographer in Russia.)

PROTEST SENT FROM BRITISH FRONT.

Premier Explains Action Against The "Nation."

"ENCOURAGING ENEMY."

"We had representations from Headquarters in France saying that the articles were most discouraging to soldiers."

This statement with regard to the suspension of the foreign circulation of the *Nation* was made by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons last night.

He said that any action against *Nation* was taken, not on account of attacks on him (the Premier), or any other members of the Government; it was done in the ordinary course of action by a Government Department following precedents set up by the late Government.

The same action was taken in the case of the *Nation* in the case of the *Labour Leader* without any protest being raised in the House.

The same War Office official acted in both cases after consultation with the Home Office. The action was taken in both cases because it was considered the articles were encouraging the enemy.

For some time articles had appeared in the *Nation* pressing for peace. That was the general drift of the articles on the ground that a military victory was impossible; that it was practically a deadlock.

"ENCOURAGING THE FOE."

These articles culminated in the article of March 3, which said that in regard to the German retreat our soldiers had been found wanting and out-maneuvred by the enemy.

Four Government Departments considered the matter fully, and they each separately came to exactly the same conclusion, that it was extraordinarily mischievous to allow articles of such a kind to be exported.

There was no interference with the circulation of the *Nat* on this country, but having regard to the circumstances they were entitled to say, when the enemy themselves thought the articles were an encouragement to their own forces and a discouragement to ours that for the protection of our soldiers abroad and our people at home the export of such articles should be stopped.

Mr. Churchill said that having read the offending articles he could not see what reasonable ground there was for taking exception to them. They contained nothing nearly so alarmist or prejudicial as statements which had been made in the House by the Prime Minister and members of the Government.

Everything in the articles made mild reading compared with the Dardanelles report. Mr. Samuel thought the Government had made a serious mistake.

Mr. Bonar Law expressed himself as being in complete disagreement with Mr. Samuel. When we were at war, if there was any doubt, the scale should be weighted on the side which would not cause us injury.

Sir H. Dalziel considered that the whole method of the Government in the matter was wrong.

The matter was talked out, and the House rose at 11.24 p.m.

NO ELECTION MAJORITY.

A statement on the Government's efforts to settle the Irish question was made last night in the House of Commons by Mr. Bonar Law.

He said the Government had done their best to devote their attention to the task so far as the exigencies of the war enabled them to do so.

The Premier had hoped to make a definite statement on the subject that night, but his unexpected call to a conference would delay the statement.

He (Mr. Bonar Law) hoped that early next week it would be possible to state what the Government intended to do.

We considered that they need not absolutely despair of arriving at some solution.

OPPOSITION AT ALL STAGES.

It was during a debate on the Bill to extend the life of the present Parliament that Mr. Bonar Law made his statement.

Mr. Dillon, who moved the rejection of the Bill, said the Nationalist Party had been taunted with the threat that if an election took place they would be wiped out.

It would be base cowardice on their part if they shrank in face of this taunt from the ordeal of an election. He had, therefore, been commissioned to announce that the Nationalist Party would vote against the Bill at all its stages.

More Men for the Army.—Mr. King asked the Prime Minister whether he could state when the measure for increasing the man power of our Army would be introduced, and what were the main lines of the Government proposals?

Mr. Bonar Law: A statement will be made on this subject in the near future.

It is stated that the Government will accede to the request for the holding of a secret session on an early day for the discussion of the question of man power, the air service and other matters.

Lord Devonport has written to Colonel Lockwood, M.P., Chairman of the House of Commons Kitchen Committee, pointing out the necessity of applying the food regulations recently issued to clubs, hotels, etc.

"DO NOT FORGET."

The King's Stirring Message to Australian Troops.

PARADE ON SALISBURY PLAIN

The King yesterday inspected on Salisbury Plain troops from the depots of the Australian Imperial Force.

His Majesty, who travelled by special train, wore field-marshal's uniform, and was mounted on a charger, and as he reached the saluting base the troops gave the royal salute.

After the King had made a detailed inspection of the troops he personally pinned decorations on a number of officers and men for war service.

At the close his Majesty sent the following message to Major-General the Hon. Sir Newton Moore:

"Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men—

"I am very glad to have had an opportunity of inspecting the various training units of the Australian Imperial Force, and I wish to express my satisfaction with the appearance of a fine body of men on parade to-day.

"You will, I know, acquit yourselves with credit when your time comes to reinforce those splendid Australian Divisions at the front whose deeds and fighting qualities have won the highest praise.

"Do not forget your kinsmen who have willingly given their lives for the Empire.

"Emulate their example and so preserve the proud record made by them in the great war."

"PEACE CRANK MUST GO."

"K. of K." Called a Murderer—Protest to Home Secretary.

Peace meetings should be prohibited. This is what Mr. Bonar Hayward, who was the chairman of the anti-German demonstration, asks of the Home Secretary in a letter arising out of the disorderly scenes which occurred in the Victoria Park on Sunday afternoon, when a number of pacifists attempted to hold a meeting.

"The local authorities," he writes, "have repeatedly called your attention to the very bitter feeling brewing throughout the East End against the aliens who are evading military service, and it is my duty to warn the authorities that if these meetings are permitted to be held in future you may expect further grave disorder.

"In all my experience of the park I have never witnessed the like of Sunday's affair. Women fought women, and women attacked men.

"These meetings have been going on now since the war, and speakers of German sympathies have denounced the late Lord Kitchener as a murderer.

"They have habitually reviled and slandered the Army with such statements as 'Every man who joins and shoulders a rifle is guilty of murder as any man who has answered for his crime at Newgate.'

U-BOAT SHELLS VICTIMS.

Tragic Message from Torpedoed Schooner in a Bottle.

The Stavanger correspondent of the *Tidens Tegn* states, says a Reuter Christiania message, that a bottle has been washed ashore there containing the following note:

"Either, of Esbjerg, sunk by U boat, April 12. Ship's lifeboats shelled by U boat, which left us in a rough sea and north-western gale. We probably cannot live through the night."

The Esther was a Danish schooner of 231 tons.

NOT THE TIME TO DISCUSS TERMS.

"It does not seem desirable to discuss possible peace terms."

This was the answer which the Prime Minister gave to a question by Major Chapple, M.P., who suggested that the Government should inform the Germans that no terms of peace would be acceptable that did not provide for an investigation into the authorship of "crimes against the recognised restrictions of international law."



The taking of Vimy Ridge. A Canadian battalion establishes signalling headquarters and gets into communication with their aeroplanes.—(Canadian official.)

62 HOURS AT WORK.

Doctor Who Dealt Singlehanded with 100 Cases of Wounds.

D.S.O. FOR MR. ASQUITH'S SON.

"He worked continuously for sixty-two hours and, singlehanded, attended to over 100 men. He has on many previous occasions done fine work."

The hero of this splendid example of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty is Captain Norman Parsons Jewett, M.B., of the East Anglian Medical Service. Last night's *London Gazette* contains the announcement that he has been awarded the Military Cross.

The other awards announced are:—
D.S.O. (including three bars) 20
Military Cross (seventeen bars) 219
D.C.M. 84
Military Medal 499

Here are some notable deeds:—
Temporary Lieutenant-Commander Arthur Meland Asquith, R.N.V.R. (D.S.O.).

He obtained leave to go up to the front when he heard a fight was imminent. Later, although wounded, he returned to brigade headquarters and gave a clear account of the situation and of the fighting, which had been going on during the night. He has previously done fine work. (Lieutenant-Commander Asquith is the ex-Premier's third son.)

78th (new 491208) Corporal W. Mullins, London Regiment (D.C.M.).

He blew up a dug-out and killed many of the enemy. A bomb fell in the middle of his section, he picked it up and threw it out of the trench, the bomb exploding on leaving his hand.

Second-Lieutenant Jasper Edmund Henry Nicolls, R.G.A. (M.C.).

Although suffering from shell shock he worked for three hours plugging up men who had been buried and undoubtedly saved many lives.
Rev. Herbert Richards, temporary chaplain, 4th Class, A. Chaplains' Depot, attached East Yorkshire Regiment (M.C.).

He buried the dead and tended the wounded under very heavy fire.

"SLIM YOUNG THING."

Press Cutting Read in Widow's Suit Against Father-in-Law.

A singular case was heard before Mr. Justice Colridge yesterday, when Mrs. Marjorie Raphael, the widow of the late Lieutenant Norman H. Raphael, who was killed in France, claimed damages for alleged malicious prosecution against Mr. Walter Raphael, her father-in-law, and Mrs. Lockyer, proprietress of the Petrograd Hotel, North Audley-street.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Raphael, said counsel, had an income of about £2,400 a year. Unfortunately Mr. Raphael was somewhat extravagant, and in March, 1915, a receiving order was made against him.

Plaintiff went to live at the Petrograd Hotel. Her husband, sometimes with soldier friends, visited her there, and after a time a bill for £40 was outstanding.

She drew a cheque for this sum, expecting that a payment from her trustees would enable it to be met, but it was dishonoured.

A summons was issued and, having no friends, she could not obtain bail, and spent some time in Holloway Gaol. At her trial she was acquitted.

Mr. Hume Williams, for the defendants, read a paragraph that appeared in a Melbourne newspaper when the witness left Australia. This said:—

"Melbourne has lost its most daringly active, slim, young thing. In the hobbiest of abbreviated skirts she has slipped off to Europe, and the world that was wont to wonder what she would do next finds that something has gone out of its everyday life. She will very likely return from France as Marjorie the Marquise."

The hearing was adjourned.

DRUNKENNESS DECREASING.

"The convictions for drunkenness in the London area for the first quarter of the following years were: 1913, 13,920; 1914, 16,907; 1915, 14,076; 1916, 7,744; 1917, 6,176."—The Minister of Munitions.

FOE'S ANGER AT OUR REPRISALS BY AIR.

How 35 Airmen Strafed Germans at Freiburg.

BRITISH COLONEL'S FATE.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

"On April 14 at noon an enemy air squadron of twelve machines attacked the open town of Freiburg-in-Breisgau.

"At five o'clock in the afternoon a second attack was made by two other squadrons totalling twenty-three aeroplanes.

"To these nefarious raids a number of persons unfortunately fell victims.

"Seven women, three men and one soldier were killed, seventeen women, eight men and two children were injured.

"The enemy airmen selected especially as objectives, besides the new Municipal Theatre, institutes and infirmaries.

"The University and Anatomical Institute was considerably damaged.

"Owing to our effective counter-measures the attack could not be fully executed.

"In the course of the air fights which arose with our airmen who ascended to repel the attack, two enemy aeroplanes were shot down near Schlestadt and Markirch, and a third was brought down in an air engagement combined with gunfire from the ground."

"A FLY-SHEET."

All three aeroplanes are of British types with British occupants.

The leader of the raids, a British lieutenant-colonel, fell into our hands.

"According to his statements and the contents of a fly-sheet, of which copies were dropped, the attacks were a reprisal for the torpedoing of the Gloucester Castle.

"We most resolutely contest the right thus to justify them.

"Our Government gave England to understand in time enough that it could no longer tolerate the passage of so-called hospital ships within a precisely-defined zone.

"If the British, notwithstanding, despising our warning, misuse the Red Cross for transport purposes in the blockaded zone, they must bear the consequences of their action, but to act against an open town out of revenge is cheap glory.

"There are no militarily important objects in Freiburg to justify the attack."—Reuter.

[The Secretary of the Admiralty announced overnight that the *Freiburg* was a reprisal for the attacks made by enemy submarines on British hospital ships.]

TIGRIS NIGHT MARCH.

British Make Another Successful Advance Against the Turks.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

General Maude, telegraphing on April 16, reports an advance by British troops on the bank of the Tigris by means of a night march to within one and half miles of the position occupied by the 18th Turkish Army Corps, covering Istabulat Station on the Bagdad-Samarra Railway.

The enemy's advanced troops fell back before us without offering any opposition.

SAFETY OF SHIPS.

British Vessels To Be Equipped with a Protective "Apparatus."

An addition to the Defence of the Realm Regulations published in last night's *London Gazette* provides that—

"The Admiralty or the Shipping Controller may, with the concurrence of the Board of Trade, give directions that any British ship shall be equipped with such apparatus as may be specified in the directions for securing the safety of the ship, and that the crew of the ship shall be properly instructed in the use of such apparatus."

A further addition to the regulations notifies that—

"After the first day of June, 1917, it shall not be lawful for the owner of a British ship to employ in any neutral trade as manager, broker or agent any person who is of enemy nationality, or who, being a corporation or company, is under enemy control."

NEWS ITEMS.

Little Girl Killed by Motor Omnibus.

Two little girls, aged eight and five, were run over by a motor omnibus at Brixton yesterday, one being killed.

Engine Builders Wanted.

The Shipping Controller wishes to hear from any engineering firms in Great Britain not usually engaged in building marine engines, who would undertake such work.

£350 a Year for Woman Medical Officer.

Grimsby Sanitary Committee have appointed Miss Agnes Stewart, L.R.C.P., M.D., of Worthing, temporary assistant medical officer of health at an annual salary of £350.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1917.

"YOU UNKIND PEOPLE!"

YOU never know which way the Hun's mind will swerve and lurch next, in its continuous endeavour to impose its views on the world; or else to excuse them, if it cannot impose them by force.

Before the war, and ever since the war began, the Hun preached and practised his gospel of ferocity, which he justified, with some of his kind, by claiming that it is unkind not to be cruel, because, obviously, the crueler the Hun is, the quicker the world will yield to him and give him all he wants.

The cruelty went on, then. But the war went on too. Demonstrably, the sole effect of the cruelty was to deepen the intensity of hatred in the war; and so to prolong it; and so to make reconciliation harder; and also to secure that, after peace, a new generation must be born and grow up, before these things can be in any measure forgotten.

All this stares the Hun in his broad face. But he goes on wasting, ravaging, burning, mutilating. In a word he is still the Hun.

And of all his meaningless measureless meannesses—things that for all time sadden humanity, as it thinks over itself and its destiny—comes first, to our mind, his sinking of hospital ships, whereon the wounded and war-sick travel, hoping for the common measure of human pity to preserve them in their suffering. We know it means—a thing unspeakable! We can say no more about it, save to repeat President Wilson's phrase—"a war against mankind."

Now when we bombard Freiburg from the air, it might be supposed that the Hun would indulge in one of his denunciations of all warfare, claiming that we English began it, as usual. Other modes of verbal defence, too, would be open to him. He avoids them. He says nothing about frightfulness. He alludes to no war doctrine of his own. Simply he begins to set up a tremulous wail, and, borrowing words used to move him many times in vain, clamours piteously: "Oh, but you mustn't do that! That is not in the rules! You unkind people! Cruel! Pigs! We shan't play!"

Not otherwise, after pounding and beating all the small boys' heads, does the big bully behave when he encounters a bigger boy than himself. He runs to the Headmaster and, howling frightfully, exclaims: "Please, sir, he hit me!"—pointing to the boy.

But the Headmaster, unfortunately for him, has seen this sort of thing before. He merely says: "Run away. Run away and don't hit other people. Then, possibly, you may get the peace you now come to me to secure for you."

We shall hear more of these wails as the French and British follow their great successes with successes greater still. They are official wails—tears coursing down the Moloch cheeks of Prussia. They prove merely that Moloch too has nerves like the rest of the world—like Belgium, Serbia, Poland, France, the hospital ships, the open towns, the ruined countries, the tortured people whose bodies lie where the body-boiling Hun has passed in his career of ruin.

W. M.

A PRAYER.

Author of light, revive my dying spirit! Redeem it from the snare of all-conquering night! Lord, light me to Thy blessed way! For blind with worldly vain desires, I wander as a stray.

Sun and moon, stars and under-lights I see; But all their glorious beams are mists and darkness, being compared to Thee.

Fountain of health, my soul's deep wounds recure! Bidest thou showers of pity rain, wash my uncleanness pure!

One drop of Thy desired grace The faint and fading heart can raise, and in joy's bosom place.

Sin and death, hell and tempting fiends may rage, But God His own will guard, and their sharp pains and grief in time assuage.

—CAMFION.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Hope creates its own object, and so rewards the man who has strength to conjure it up.—Butler.

INDEPENDENCE—THE GREAT INCENTIVE.

HOW WAR WORK IS CALLING GIRLS FROM THEIR HOMES.

By F. THORNTON SMITH.

IS the war making girls mercenary? Yes, if I am to believe some of the statements mothers make to me.

"I let my girl of nineteen go willingly to war work," said one mother. "At this time every girl who is strong and healthy must and should do some form of work that is needed. But I never thought that the mere fact of coming home every week with her wages would make my own daughter resolve that she would never return to domestic life at home. There is no real need for her to earn her

mand a salary of some kind. Ask any girl if she likes turning out every morning in the cold and bitter weather. The "comfortably off" girls hate getting up out of their cosy beds and fighting and struggling to get places in the early omnibuses and tubes. "But when I see the money at the end of the week and know that it is my very own to do what I like with I feel the game is worth the candle. After all, money talks. I can dress better if I want, or I can save—and I feel so much more important," says the war working daughter.

After the war will the girl who must give up her job to the man coming back to the place she has kept open for him crave for the actual money? Will she feel that the quieter life of home without its moneyed independence is too tame? Once get the feeling that

WHEN WE ALL WEAR UNIFORMS.



We are coming to it. And why not? Uniforms improve our dreary civilisation.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

TEASHOP WASTE.

SHOULD EATING IN THE AFTERNOON BE RENOUNCED TILL AFTER THE WAR?

"ALWAYS CROWDED." CAN anyone explain why the afternoon tea mania is still allowed to find expression?

Why these teashops all crowded with people consuming bread and butter or toast or cakes? Does not this make a continual source of quite unnecessary waste?

Forbid afternoon tea! N. K. Cromwell-road, S.W.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

WITH due deference to your interesting article, I am obliged to point out that Frenchmen of the upper-middle classes do not do their own marketing.

What they do do is to send their servants to do it. In England the servants take orders at the door. That is the main difference.

L. N. E.

'LITTLE AND SELDOM.'

IN these days of enforced repentance amongst our food-hogs it were well to recall a saying of the famous Abernethy to a patient who was always troubling about his diet. "Well, doctor, I'm here again, you see; you told me to eat little and often, and—I'm no better." To whom Dr. Abernethy promptly gave the following most excellent recipe: "Go home, sir, and try eating little and seldom."

If people would only try such self-control for a while they would reap a rich reward; for to many the pleasures of health are unknown, or forgotten, as lost chords of music that once brightened their lives, and made them praise God naturally as do the birds and ploughboys.

Dover. C. H.

BIRDS' RATIONS.

I FAIL to see why we should start the birds because man prefers killing to cultivation.

The birds are not responsible for the crisis, and if they could speak would probably be very contemptuous of the "superiority" of man, as evinced by the present slaughter.

It would be neither logical nor just to ration the birds and animals in order to pay for the folly of man.

NATURE.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 17.—The swede is a nourishing vegetable and one that should be widely grown by the amateur gardener this year. It is of easy culture and does not require especially rich soil.

During favourable weather sow the seeds in drills that run about 12in. apart. Do this towards the end of May. The young plants must be dusted with soot every now and then, and should be carefully thinned out to 12in. apart.

The roots can be dug up and stored late in the autumn in some corner with a covering to protect them from frost.

E. F. T.

living after the war. We are not rich people—just comfortably off—and my daughter is the type of hundreds of girls who before the war never dreamed of going out into the world to earn their living. Now she declares she never knew what a "ripping" feeling it gave a girl to earn money of her very own and not have it doled out by her parents. Is this a sign that my girl is becoming mercenary and loving money for its own sake?

If a plebiscite of mothers who are in the same position as this one were to answer the question, probably the reply would be that the daughter who is earning money for the first time in her life is also savouring the sweets of independence. At present there is an enormous premium on youth. The flapper is sought for everywhere. She it is who can get posts denied to the older and more experienced woman. Few value experience at the present moment. It is youth that is most needed. And youth must be served. Every girl can com-

live without plenty of money to burn is not worth living and a girl will never settle happily at home again.

If our girls are really becoming mercenary through learning that they can be wage-earners, both during and after the war, then it seems likely that the whole fabric of society will be changed. No daughter will want to stay at home and be an unpaid companion to her parents. At the end of every week she will miss going to the pay desk and receiving the welcome Treasury notes as in the war days. Money for its own sake will be valued. She will feel a lack of savour in her life when she no longer counts out her own earnings.

Perhaps this is the real test of the girl's character. At present there is no question whether she must stay at home and do nothing, or go out and hold some man's place for him. To the girl who is compelled to earn her own living after the war the question does not apply. Her salary will probably be only suffi-

cient to provide the necessities of life. It is the "comfortably off" girl that is now getting extra money for dress and any other luxuries she fancies that is in danger of becoming mercenary.

Many mothers are really fearing the effect of this earning of money on their own daughters. They are told their views are old-fashioned. A girl's place is no longer the home. That is merely an Early Victorian fetish, say the progressive women of to-day. If a girl likes to earn money, whether she needs it or not, no one has a right to prevent her.

That will be clearer than ever when women get votes.

And whether she develops a sense of money loving, must be left to herself. After the war, say some women will be harder in every way. And the greatest asset of woman, again say the progressives, will be the fact of her own monetary independence.

LORD FRENCH VISITS HULL



Field-Marshal Lord French, who opened a new V.A.D. hospital at Hull, receives the key with which he performed the ceremony from the matron, Lady Nunburnholme.

P. 222 V. P. 19604 P. 19604.
MR. ASQUITH'S SON AWARDED D.S.O.



Lieut.-Com. A. M. Asquith, R.N.V.R., Mr. Asquith's son, awarded the D.S.O. for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He has been wounded.

Capt. and Brer-Maj. F. P. Nosworthy, R.E., who has been awarded a bar to his Military Cross. He has been severely wounded.—(Lafayette.)

Lieut.-Col. C. V. W. Hill, awarded a bar to his D.S.O. for gallantry and good leadership when in command of his battalion.—(Lafayette.)

WEDDING OF IRISH OFFICER.



Captain K. W. Izod, of Chapelizod, Ireland, and his bride (Miss I. M. Inglis) leaving St. Peter's Church, Cranley-gardens.

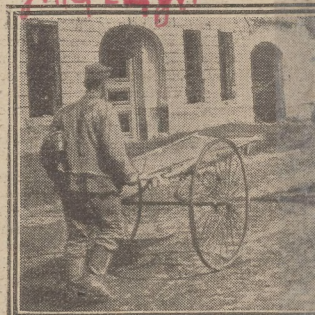
CANADIANS GIVE A DRINK TO A BEATEN



German machine-gun emplacement in the village of Thelus captured by the Canadians.—(Canadian War Records.)



With some of the booty they captured at Tilloy.—(Official photograph.)



German prisoners making themselves useful.



Big umbrella for patients arriving at hospital.

WOUNDED RUSSIAN SOLDIER IN LONDON.



A Russian soldier who was wounded on the western front being carried into a London hospital. A number of them are now fighting in France, and a few days ago they all took the oath of allegiance to the new regime.

Good news continues to come from the western front, of which they made a big haul.

SCENES ON THE BATTLEFIELD.



G.11922 W.

The taking of Vimy Ridge. Tending a wounded German on the battlefield. (Canadian War Records.)



War-bearers. (Official photograph.)

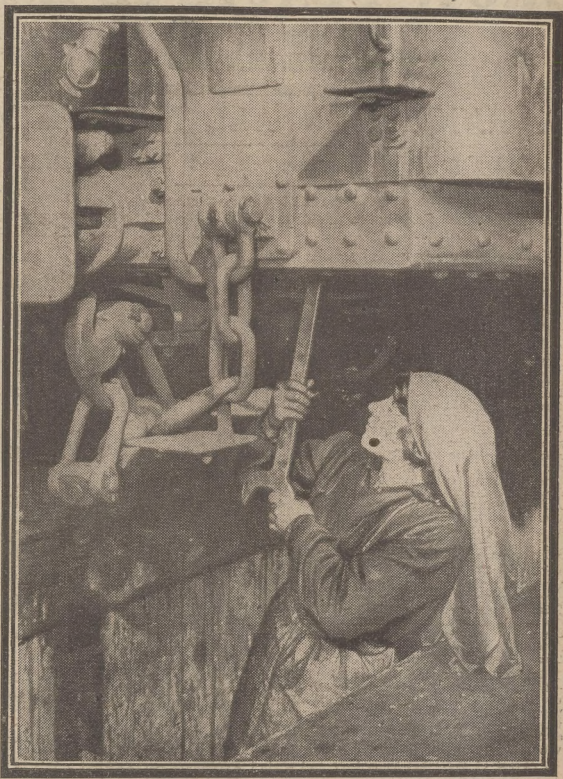


The men at Tilloy are seen with the creek we captured 194 weapons of



In the main street of Le Sars. (Australian official photograph.)

A FAIR "METRO" WORKER



Paris is being "run" by the women workers, who, in addition to making munitions, are filling all sorts of posts. Here is one of the workers on the Metropolitan Railway.

OFFICERS IN THE CASUALTY LIST.



Capt. Geoffrey Laird Jackson, killed. He was in the Harrow School cricket eleven in 1911, 1912 and 1913, being captain in his last year.

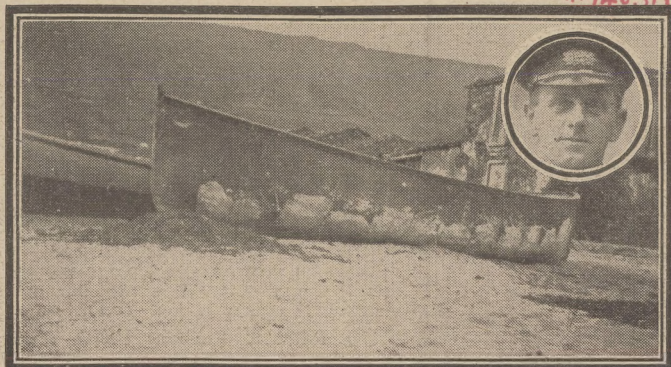


Maj. J. G. Fleming, R.E., D.S.O., wounded. He was instructor at the School of Military Engineering, and fought with distinction in South Africa.



Lieut. C. M. Bradley, R.F.A., killed in the great advance. He was the second son of Colonel Sir Montague and Lady Brad (Lafayette).

PASSENGERS PERISH IN A LIFEBOAT



Lifeboat from the torpedoed steamer Alnwick Castle, in which a number of survivors reached the little harbour of Carino (Corunna). Among them was Mr. Black, the first officer (in circle). They suffered from hunger and exposure, and several succumbed.

INNOVATION AT DRURY LANE.



Girls dressed in Babylonian and other costumes, who receive visitors to the great film 'Intolerance,' at Drury Lane. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

GROW BEAUTIFUL HAIR FREE!

A SUGGESTION ALL MAY ADOPT.

1,000,000 Four-Fold Hair Health and Beauty Outfits FREE.

- The Gift Comprises:**
 1. A Trial Bottle of Harlene for the Hair.
 2. A Bottle of Uzon Brillantine.

HERE is a great opportunity and a valuable gift for every reader of this paper.

If you desire to look young and well-groomed, look to your hair. That is why the proprietors of the world-famous Hair-Growing Specific "Harlene" are offering 1,000,000 Outfits Free.

Here is a suggestion for you to adopt. Send for your Harlene Hair-Drill Four-fold Gift and grow healthy, luxuriant and abundant hair. Why not decide to-day to banish hair poverty for ever? Why wear attenuated, thin, impoverished, lifeless locks of hair when all the rich sparkle and abundance of hair in its natural healthy condition is yours for the asking?

Already a great host of people who have commenced these hair-beauty experiments say what a marvellous difference it has made to their hair.

All you have to do to secure your "Harlene Hair-Drill" gift is to forward the form below.

ACCEPT THIS WONDERFUL GIFT.

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Daily Mirror, April 18, 1917.

W.B.

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PETER LYSER: THE MAN WHO FORGOT

By RUBY M. AYRES.

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

NAN MARRABY.

A charming girl, Peter's friend, who has been engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France.

PETER LYSER.

Who has lost his memory as a result of shock. He has forgotten that he is engaged to Nan.

JOAN ENDICOTT.

Nan's friend, whose husband is at the front. She and Nan are living together.

JOHN ARNOTT.

Peter's friend and a brother officer, who comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.

NAN MARRABY becomes engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for the front. Peter is seriously wounded, she hears. Then comes news that he is better; and, finally, John Arnott, Peter's friend, comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory. He does not even remember that he was ever engaged to her.

Nan sees Peter, and realises that she has no place in his life. At first she thinks that it is all pretence, but she banishes the thought as something unworthy.

Owing to her stepmother's death Nan has to return home to look after her father and little stepbrothers.

John Arnott's sister, who has lost her husband in the war, is living in the neighbouring village. Arnott brings Peter to stay with her.

Arnott loves Nan, but he wishes to secure her happiness before everything.

Mrs. Mearns, Arnott's sister, comes to call on Nan. There is hostility between the two women.

Harley Sefton, a moneylender, who has both Nan's father and Peter in his power, takes a fancy to Nan. She cannot bear him, but he is most persistent.

He offers to cancel their notes if Nan will promise to marry him. Mrs. Mearns brings pressure to bear upon Nan.

She is torn between her conflicting emotions. Then she learns that Peter has engaged to Mrs. Mearns.

She is desolate. Life has nothing to offer her, and she saves Peter and her father, she consents to marry Sefton.

But she does not pretend that she loves him. Nan is told by Arnott that Peter is not engaged to his sister.

Sefton returns Mr. Mearns's bills. Nan tells him that Peter is not going to be married, but Sefton contradicts her.

Peter is very depressed when he hears that Nan is engaged to Sefton. He goes to London to see whether he can get out to the front again.

There is a collision between his taxicab and another. He helps the girl who is in the other taxicab. She says that her husband is at the front.

Then she tells him the story of Nan's great grief—and Peter begins to understand the truth.

THE AWAKENING.

THE taxi had turned into Euston-square now, and Peter woke to a sense of his surroundings with a start.

He realised that in another moment, unless he said something to detain her, this girl would have left him, and his chance of discovering all the truth about himself and Nan would be gone.

He felt as if someone had plunged him into an abyss of darkness and silence, through which he groped vainly in the desire to find a way out—to find a ray of daylight that would disperse the clouds of utter blackness.

Nan—what was she thinking of him—what had she suffered all this time?

Oh, it was absurd—ridiculous—it could not be he—she was just dreaming all this, and would wake presently to find himself back at Gaddesden.

The taxi was slowing down, and with a little shiver he roused himself and turned to the girl beside him.

"I don't know in the least who you are," he said rapidly; he felt that it must be now or never. "And I am afraid you will think I am mad when I ask you—when I beg of you to let me speak to you for a moment. Please don't be afraid," he broke out agitatedly as Joan shrunk back from him in evident alarm. "I'm not going to hurt you or frighten you—I only want you to help me—I just beg of you to be kind and help me."

It was impossible not to believe in his agitation, Joan stared at him with fascinated eyes. "But—but I don't even know who you are," she said in a frightened voice. "I—I've never seen you until to-day—oh . . . oh, I don't know who you are," she said again.

Then he told her, he blurted out the truth with the desperation of necessity.

"I'm Peter Lyster."

"Peter Lyster!" she echoed his name with a little cry—she rushed to her face. "Peter!"—then . . . then . . . oh, I don't believe it," she said indignantly.

"It's the truth—I swear it's the truth . . . look—I can show you half a dozen letters to prove it." She searched in her bag, her tunic pocket agitatedly. "I am Peter Lyster—you've done me the greatest kindness one human being could have done to another by telling me what—what you did just now. But I want to know—do you really know all the truth . . . I've been down at Leavenden—I only came up to town this morning—it was pure Fate that threw us together. I can't leave you like

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

this—I've got to know more. . . . Surely you can have a little pity—a little sympathy. . . ."

"But—but I'm—I'm full of it," Joan told him; her pretty eyes were round and amazed; she stared at him as if he were some extraordinary specimen of mankind whom she had never seen before. "I—I've always longed to see you—Nan will tell you that. But it's all so strange—I just can't believe it. . . ."

Her brows puckered. "If you've forgotten things," she said, "be perfectly frank. I'll never say a word about Nan now! Oh, I don't understand."

"A man named Arnott introduced her to me in town a few weeks ago—I always had the feeling that—I'd known her before."

He broke off in distress, colouring hotly. "I'm—I'm so infernally sensitive over the whole hateful business," he said, in a ashamed voice. "Somehow I always knew something like this would turn up. Arnott ought to have told me—somebody ought to have told me," he added angrily.

"But," said Joan—"but . . . oh, if you've forgotten all about Nan, what is the good of going back to her now?—he-oh, she won't care can't really care for her—if you've forgotten her?"

Peter looked away; he could not explain his own feelings; he did not know what he felt; he tried to think of Nan, but his thoughts were confused; he was relieved when the stopping of the cab put an end to the conversation for the moment; he followed Joan eagerly into the station.

"I'll come back with you to Leavenden—I can explain matters there; and I must talk to you; there are so many things you've got to tell me."

"I don't know if I ought to," Joan was almost in tears. "Nan made me swear never to speak of you again—never to tell anyone what had happened—and I swore I never would—and now—look where I am now . . ."

"Something is different now—it's . . . it's life or death to me. . . . I beg of you."

She looked at him sympathetically.

"Very well," she said at last. "But if Nan knows she will kill me, that's all."

"She never will know—at least, not yet. I don't want her to know yet—"

he broke off. It had suddenly come back to him with a rush that Nan was engaged to Harley Sefton.

The thought turned to a still fiercer for a moment his heart seemed to stand still.

Had she done this because of him—had she been driven to do this because of his treatment of her?

He pulled himself together with an effort. He left Joan for a moment to get the tickets; there was no chance to say more till they were in the carriage.

THE BITTER TRUTH.

THE train started slowly out of the station, and Peter gave a little sigh of relief.

"Tell me who you are," he said.

She smiled suddenly.

"I'm Joan Endicott. Nan and I have lived together for ever so long—ever since you and Tim went to the war; she must have told you about me—she wrote to you for months from my flat."

"Did she?" said Peter; his voice sounded humiliated. "I can't remember having any letters. . . . I can't remember your name, or ever writing to a woman at all. . . ."

He brought himself back down on his knees heavily. "My Heaven, it's bad luck," he said with a shudder.

"It's not fair—I ought to have been told—I ought to have been stopped from hurting anyone—as I must have hurt her."

"Yes, yes," broke her heart, she could never be enjoying herself to the full now; this was better than all the novels she had read—she meant to let Peter know, exactly what Nan had suffered."

He moved restlessly.

"Go on—tell me all about it."

"There isn't much to tell. . . . it was after you were wounded. Nan had been so patient when she said they told her she mustn't expect any letters from you as you were not well enough to write; and she said she didn't mind, that she was content to wait. And then—one evening Mr. Arnott came to the flat—neither of us knew him, but Nan had had a letter from him once from France—he wrote to her when you were wounded and told her all about it. . . ."

He was very kind—he told her that you were in town and that you had lost your memory, and he could not remember her, or anything about her—or that you were engaged, or—anything."

She added with a shake of her head: "Nan said that she was sure that you could never forget her. She went off with him, back to the hotel where you were staying; she said she must see you for herself—she said that she was sure when she saw you that you would be all right."

She stopped with sudden tragic memory of how Nan had looked that night when she came back.

Peter was leaning forward, his elbow on his knee, his hand shading his eyes.

"Yes, go on, please," he said hoarsely when she hesitated.

"She wasn't gone very long," Joan said sorrowfully. "She came back quite soon. She didn't say much about it, but I knew by her face that it wasn't all right—that nothing would ever be right again. She told me afterwards that she walked into the room where you were and that she knew her, that you looked after her as if you had never seen her in all your life before. . . . Oh, poor, poor Nan!" she added.

There was a little silence.

"And I think that's all," she said; then: "Her stepmother died almost the day after, I think it was, and she had to go home to look after the little boys at Leavenden, and she's been there ever since."

"And—and . . . she never wished me to be

told—never tried to let me know?" Peter asked huskily.

"She wouldn't hear of it. I know Mr. Arnott wanted to tell you, but Nan said she would never forgive him if he did. She made us all promise."

Peter looked up.

"Do you know that she is engaged to another man now?" he asked suddenly.

Joan stared; then she laughed.

"Nan engaged to another man! Rubbish!" she said. "Why—why, she was ever so much too fond of you to ever look at anyone else. She just lived for the time when you would come back. She had made all her clothes to be married in. She was so happy. Why, you were to have been married when you got your next leave!" she added thoughtlessly.

Peter flushed to the roots of his hair. It was an intolerable situation. He did not know what to do.

"She is engaged to another man now, all the same," he said at last, constrainedly. "A man named Harley Sefton. He has plenty of money and a fine place down at Gaddesden. . . ."

Joan smiled incredulously.

"Somebody has just made it up and told you," she said, scornfully. "Nan would never do such a thing."

Peter shrugged his shoulders.

"She is engaged to him," he repeated, obstinately.

There was a silence.

"We must then, but what about you?" Joan asked, blandly.

He laughed mirthlessly.

"I don't deserve to count," he said, in a hard voice.

"She is staring down at the dusty floor of the carriage; Joan watched him intently.

She was not quite sure of him yet; it all seemed so strange and unbelievable to her.

Suddenly she moved a little along the seat towards him.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, gently. "What do you want me to do?"

He raised his unhappy eyes to hers.

"What can I do?" he asked. "It's all so impossible."

Joan considered for a moment.

"I should like to help you," she said then, frankly. "I should like to help Nan, too—if there is anything I can do—anything—I will, I promise."

Peter stretched out his hand and took hers.

"Thank you—I am sure you will. And there is something—what you find out why she is going to marry that fellow Sefton?"

"If I can—and if you are sure that she is. But Nan is so reserved when she wants to be—perhaps she won't tell me. And, Mr. Lyster—may I ask you a question?"

Her voice was a little shy and uncertain.

"Please," said Peter.

"Well—perhaps I shouldn't ask, but Nan is my best friend—and so . . . you see—what I mean is—supposing she—she was free to-day, not liking to continue, but her meaning was obvious."

Peter did not look up.

"That is a question which I have been asking myself ever since I met you to-day," he said.

"And it is a question which I cannot answer. After all—it—he laughed mirthlessly—"it is for her to say, isn't it?"

"I don't think there is much need to worry about what she will say," Joan looked at him.

"And, at any rate, you won't tell her that you met me," Lyster went on presently. "Or that we spoke—or that you know anything—or that I'm here."

"I promise I won't say a word," said Joan eagerly. "I won't even know you when we meet. But how can I see you again—to tell you, if Nan tells me anything?"

"I'll come over—I do call sometimes—it won't look at all strange. I think we are nearly in."

He rose and let down the window. He looked eagerly out along the platform as the train came to a standstill.

"Supposing Nan is here to meet me?" Joan said in a panic.

"She is not here," Peter answered. "But perhaps you had better get out first, in case she should be anywhere near."

He held his hand to her.

"Thank you so much," he said simply. Joan's eyes filled suddenly with tears.

"You haven't anything to thank me for," she said with unusual humility. "I only hope you'll be happy—both of you."

She left him then, and after a moment Peter followed.

He was out of the station then, and presently he saw her walking away down the road with Nan and the boys.

His heart beat with a new strange excitement as he looked at Nan's slim, girlish figure; some part of the life which he had forgotten—but that she had ever been his promised wife, he had never dreamed.

Arnott ought to have told him, he thought angrily. He was to have known. . . . even now he hardly knew if he were glad or sorry. No doubt in the past he had loved Nan devotedly—did he love her still, that was the question.

Did the man he was to-day love her, or had that love died when the black shutter came down on her memory?

He did not know—he could not answer the question even to his own heart, and yet . . . that she should not marry Harley Sefton—the determination in his mind as he turned slowly away in the opposite direction to the one in which Nan and Joan Endicott had vanished, and walked back to Gaddesden.

Two will be another fine instalment to-morrow.



TATCHO The HAIR GROWER

Now that Mr. Geo. R. Sims has placed his inimitable Hair Grower Tatcho within the reach of all, sufferers from loss of hair should grasp the great opportunity it holds out to them to-day and make a start with his sure remedy—Tatcho. Under Tatcho's beneficent influence your hair will look and feel lustrous, healthy, full of vitality. Where hair is to be seen glossy, healthy and with a lustrous sheen, Tatcho has been the helping aid.

Chemists and Stores everywhere at 1/- and 2/-, each bottle bearing the following guarantee: "I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me."

Geo R Sims

Infant Feeding

The Milk and Water Problem.

It is generally supposed that a baby will thrive on plain milk and water. Some undoubtedly do, but many infants are quite unable to digest cow's milk in its ordinary form, and for them a milk and water diet is simply starvation. It is in these cases that Savory & Moore's Food is so exceedingly valuable. As the following instances show, it is easily digested even when milk and water cannot be tolerated.

(1) "After trying hard to make a plain milk and water diet suit our baby, we began with your food and found it entirely satisfactory, the baby making extraordinary progress ever since."

(2) "We fed him on milk and water every two hours, but he never seemed satisfied, and cried out long before the time for feeding. We tried increasing the quantity of each feed and decreasing the proportion of water, but this resulted in him throwing back practically all the food he took. Out of the many and varied infant foods we selected Savory & Moore's as being the most likely to suit our case. The result was wonderful. After the first feed our baby slept six hours without awakening, and has continued to sleep practically day and night since. He keeps all his food down, which is ample proof that your food is just the right kind."

Messrs. Savory & Moore are making a special offer of a FREE TRIAL TIN of their Food, which will be sent to all readers of 'The Daily Mirror' who fill in the coupon below and forward it with 2d. in stamps for postage. This tin is not a mere sample, but contains sufficient food for a thorough trial. Send at once.

SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD COUPON

To Savory & Moore Ltd, Chemists to The King, New Bond St London. Please send me the Free Trial Tin of your Food. I enclose 2d for postage.

Name _____

Address _____

D. Mr. 18/417.



Countess Ponlett, who will appear in the *Parquet of Fair Women* on May 8, Queen of Arc's Day.



Miss Doreen Lawson, niece of Viscount Mountgarret, devotes her time to sending comforts to our prisoners.

IRISH OPPOSITION.

Excitement in Political Circles Over Threatened Nationalist Obstruction.

I FOUND a good deal of suppressed excitement in political circles last night consequent upon the decision of the Nationalist Party to oppose the passing of the Bill extending the life of the present Parliament.

The Bill Safe.

BUT THE GOVERNMENT has the situation well in hand. The second reading was passed in the Commons last night by the substantial majority of 234, and although there may be a long sitting to-night to complete the remaining stages, there is every expectation that the Bill will reach the Statute Book well before April 30.

The Advancing Woman.

WE ARE living in an age of miracles. There are few of us, I venture to think, who would have believed at the beginning of the war that a measure for the enfranchisement of women would have been seriously considered by the British Government within three years. But a stranger thing has happened. Russia—the traditional home of feudalism—has embraced the principle of universal suffrage, and in future every girl of twenty in that country will be able to vote.

Combining Out the Harems.

ANOTHER official proclamation inviting the women of Turkey to enter all branches of the Civil Service sounds even more revolutionary. But it is well known that necessity is the mother of reform, and it looks as if our enemies of the Ottoman Empire were beginning to feel the wastage of man power.

Premier's Wife Resting.

Few women have worked harder lately than Mrs. Lloyd George. Not only London but various parts of the provinces have witnessed her activities, while her two daughters have been almost equally busy. The three are now resting at their house, Brynawelon.

Brass Effrontery.

THERE WAS a time in Berlin when the great bronze statue of Bismarck was held sacred. It now, I hear, has been condemned to the melting pot as well as the statue of the Emperor Frederick erected in 1870. The reason is, of course, the shortage of metal in Germany.

A New Scout.

THERE was a flutter of enthusiasm amongst the boy scouts yesterday when the news came through that General Sir Robert Baden-Powell had received the gift of a daughter. Good luck to the new girl scout!

"Hamlet" at the Savoy.

OVERSEAS PEOPLE often express astonishment that in London none of Shakespeare's plays is being acted. Mr. H. B. Irving, in putting on "Hamlet," is supplying the need. It is interesting to recall that "Hamlet," when presented by him in Australia, was his most popular play.

In the Tradition.

BY THE WAY, I hear that Miss Elizabeth Irving, "H. B.'s" only daughter, will appear in the crowd at the performance of "The Bells," which is to be given at seven o'clock next Sunday evening for soldiers and sailors in uniform. There will be no charge.



Mr. H. B. Irving.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

The Russian Hammer.

RUSSIA was much in the fashion yesterday. I went to the luncheon given by Lady Muriel Paget at the Savoy, where Mr. John Buchan made some apt remarks on the revolution, quoting the Russian poet Pushkin: "A heavy hammer shatters glass but forges steel."

A Slavonic Menu.

THE LUNCH—a meatless one with a Slavonic menu—was given in connection with Lady Muriel's coming Russian exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. Lady Juliet Duff was hostess at one table and Lady Sybil Grey, who was in Petrograd at the time of the revolution, presided at another, and had many thrilling stories to tell.

Russian Meals.

THERE ARE to be Russian meals at the exhibition, while travelling players give Tolstoy and Tchechov plays. There will also be a balalaika orchestra, exhibition of ikons, jewellery and peasant ware. The proceeds will go to the Anglo-Russian hospitals in Petrograd and elsewhere.

Mme. Bernhardt III.

THE NEWS that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is seriously ill cast a gloom over her countless admirers in London yesterday. It seems only yesterday that I saw her at the Coliseum as youthful as ever in her miraculous spirit of buoyancy.

From Melbourne to London.

I FOUND a large crowd of Anzacs at the Victoria Palace on Monday night. The chief object of interest—from their point of view—was the appearance (it was the first in England) of Miss Rose Lee Ivy, who has been singing her way round the Empire to England. A recruiting song received an ovation.



Miss Rose Lee Ivy.—(Hansa.)

A Stirring Song.

MISS IVY told me a story about the song. She sang it some months ago at a convention held in the Town Hall at Melbourne. One of the speakers was Mr. Hughes, the Premier. After the meeting he said to Miss Ivy, "That song will do more good than all our speeches."

Back to the Boards.

MR. BASIL GILL, who has been working on the land, has, I learn, been granted three weeks' leave from his national duties to play Pygmalion to Miss Mary Anderson's Galatea at the Coliseum. He will start next Monday.

Princess at the Cinema.

THERE IS a cinema matinee to-day for the National Refuges for Homeless Children and the Training-Ships Arethusa and Chichester at the New Gallery Cinema. Princess Victoria Louise, I am told, will be present. The programme will include "Milestones," and some new war films.

Dancing Under Fire.

IT IS the Queen's command performance at the Playhouse to-day in aid of the Scottish Women's Hospital, which has done such excellent service in Rumania. Talking to one of the pretty girls back from Rumania this week, I was told that hard, and often terrible, as the work is, it is not without a lighter side. The Russian officers gave the nurses a dance one night less than four miles from the enemy's lines.

Actor for Sale.

WHEN I LOOKED in at the Prince's Theatre yesterday to see something of the matinee in aid of the Metropolitan Special Constabulary Motor-Ambulance Vans for the front, I found Mr. Seymour Hicks "up for sale." Quite a lot of people seemed anxious to buy, and the first offer was 1s. 6d.

£10,000 for Mr. Hicks.

THIS CAUSED MR. HICKS to look, or feign to look, very disconsolate, but he cheered up as the price rose. "You're a gentleman," he said to someone in a box who bid £7,000. Eventually he was "knocked down" to Commander Stuart, of E Division, for £10,000.

To-day's Economy Hint.

FROM EDGWARE.—Cut off all round the hems of table-cloths that show signs of wear and rehem them. This makes folds come in different places when the table-cloths are ironed. Sheets hem-stitched top and bottom—work easily done at home—can be reversed and used a second week, saving wear and money.

Golf and Fiction.

A NOTED PROFESSOR has been demonstrating that there is a subtle connection between proficiency in golf and successful diplomacy. Strangely enough, the new *Daily Mirror* serial is by Mr. Mark Allerton, who is a very popular author and also a well-known golfer. Literature and the links are Mr. Allerton's absorbing passions, and the success he has attained in both suggests that the professor's theory may be applied to golf and literature.

The Story of a Great Love.

MR. ALLERTON's new serial, which will begin on Monday next, is the story of a great and enduring love, which has inspired a strong man to "make good" for the sake of a girl. It is a wonderfully fine description of a great problem in life—whether it is wise to remember and to idealise.

Hats and the Kindergarten.

A WOMAN tells me that the latest ornament for a large sailor hat is a collection of coloured beads worked into either a diamond or square shape. The effect is rather suggestive of the wired beads by which children learn to count.

The Mystic Number.

I TOUCHED the fringe of a Richard Le Gallienne-like romance the other evening. Dining in a West End restaurant with a friend and his wife, I noticed that my friend raised his glass and said to his wife, "Twenty-seven." He then turned to me. "That is our secret toast," he said. I suppose he must have noticed my expression of bewilderment for he went on, "You see, the twenty-seventh was the day on which we were married."



That's what you want for your Skin Trouble

Are you worried by eczema which tortures you all day and won't let you sleep at night? Are you disfigured by face spots? Are your hands red, rough or cracked? Is there an itching rash on your back or chest? Have you had a bad place on your leg for a long time? There's a certain remedy for every one of these troubles. Antexema immediately stops the itching, and soon, and for ever, removes every blemish from your skin. That's why you need Antexema.

Whatever your skin complaint, Antexema will cure it completely and permanently. Eczema, bad legs, bad hands, baby skin troubles, pimples, rashes, and all irritated, inflamed or diseased skin conditions are conquered by Antexema. The healing process starts immediately, new skin begins to grow, every day you see a steady improvement, and soon every sign of skin illness disappears. Get a bottle to-day, and at once start your cure before your skin becomes worse. Antexema succeeds after innumerable so-called remedies, doctors and hospitals have failed even to give temporary relief. There is nothing else like Antexema.

Antexema is All British

The Antexema formula was discovered by a West End physician some thirty years ago, and every bottle is made up in our own laboratory from his original prescription, under skilful, scientific direction. As soon as Antexema is applied it forms an invisible, artificial skin over the bad place, which excludes dust and germs, and rapidly heals the trouble. Get a bottle of Antexema immediately and your skin complaint will soon be ended.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridges, Whiteley's, Parkers, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's and Lewis and Burrows at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, or direct post free in plain wrapper, 1s. 6d. and 3s. from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. 1. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.



Rev. Dr. J. H. Jowett, who will succeed Dr. Campbell Morgan at Westminster Chapel.



Major T. H. Parry, M.P., who was invalided home from Gallipoli, is again reported wounded.

The Duke's Afternoon.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT lives a breathless life. He came in for a few minutes to see the 300 wounded entertained by the City of London School in their great hall yesterday afternoon, explaining that he wished he could stay to see their show, but, alas! had just come from a Lifeboat Day meeting, and was off again to another. Lady Jellicoe promised to act as his deputy, and, side by side with the Lord Mayor, saw the good programme through.

Making the Best of It.

MR. WALTER M. GALLICHAH tells me that he is bringing out a book this week, the title of which is "Life Enjoyable." The man who finds life enjoyable these days may fairly be described as an optimist, though it is true that the British and French communiqués make pleasant reading for the breakfast table.

A Sunday Morning Sale.

SOME TRADESMEN are not doing so badly, despite—or thanks to—the potato shortage. This week I heard a greengrocer admit that between nine o'clock on Sunday morning and one o'clock in the afternoon he cleared, by the sale of potatoes alone, £70!

Feeling the Pinch.

MY DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT tells me he asked a well-known merchant (an ex-Lord Mayor of the city) if a statement that snuff is being sold in large quantities applied to Ireland. "Undoubtedly," replied the tobacco king. "Everybody seems to be feeling the pinch." THE RAMBLER.

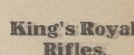


Sir Abe Bailey's Brown Prince
Wins Three-Year-Old Stakes.

NEWMARKET RACING RETURNS

WYNNDHAM'S. 2:15 and 8:15. "LONDON PRIDE."
Evenings, at 8:15. Matinees, Weds. and Sat., 2:15.
GERALD du MAURIER. MABEL RUSSELL

—Write: G. G. & Co., J. W. Vickers and Co., Ltd.,
Nicholas-lane, E.C.



I should just like to add my tribute to the value of Phosferine. I have found it splendid for 'bucking me up' and keeping my nerves in condition. I know many fellows in civilian life find it indispensable, but for extraordinary conditions Phosferine is simply wonderful. Take my own case. After a very severe training in England which made me absolutely fit and in the pink of condition, I went across to France, eventually landing in the front trenches of the Somme Battle. The awful physical and mental strain soon began to affect me, and very shortly when I was wounded, it was the finishing touch. I was invalidated not only with my physical injury, but also suffering from shell shock and trench fever. When I 'got my ticket' for Blighty, and later became convalescent, a friend advised me to try Phosferine for my nerves, and although my recovery had not up to then been very rapid, on account of my mental illness, I began to pick up at once after taking the Phosferine. I shall soon be absolutely fit again, and the praise is due to Phosferine. I should like more of my fighting pals to know how good Phosferine is for men when their nerves are un-down.'

This sturdy soldier declares that his experience makes it certain Phosferine is the best safeguard against the intense nerve strain and exhaustion of Active Service. Phosferine enabled the system to establish just the increase of vital force to withstand all those hardships which previously overcame him.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get
PHOSFERINE

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fg	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide reputation for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE: Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used

The 29 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. *Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosphérine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc.* The 29 size contains nearly four times the 1/11 size.

D'Scholl's **in 34 hours**

Foot Comfort Service
for Men and Women

FOOT EASE FOR ALL
Is provided by
Dr. Scholl's Foot
Comfort Service
which costs a
free examina-
tion of the feet by a Foot Specialist—com-
pensation of the accurate adjustment—
fitting when required, of Dr. Scholl's An-
tistat.

**COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA,
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Believe with the first dose, Cures a bad
cold in 24 hours. Of All Chemists, 1/3, 3/4,
5/6. Post free from **LEATH & ROSE,**
285 West 8th, Brooklyn, London N.Y.

pliances that will assure instant relief and permanent correction for all foot ailments. Write for a copy of Dr. Scholl's "Foot Book," and name of nearest local agent: Scholl Mfg. Co., Inc., 1110 Broadway, London E.C.1.

Watch Your Feet.

Thykaline

READ MR. BOTTOMLEY'S ARTICLE IN "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"

Daily Mirror

TO HELP BLIND SOLDIERS.



Mrs. Ian Bullough (Miss Lily Elsie), who will preside over a stall at next month's sale at the Albert Hall for the care of the blinded men after the war. Sir George Bullough, her brother-in-law, gave her a horseshoe belonging to Ballymacad, the Grand National winner, which she sold for £100. (Rita Martin.)

CANADIAN CHAPLAIN MARRIED.



The Rev. J. Thornton and his bride (Miss Judith Birkbeck), who were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane-street, yesterday.

THREE AIRMEN IN THE NEWS.



Paul Inghy, an American pilot in France. American airmen with the French Army have been directed to remain at the front.



Flight-Com. R. G. Mack, R.N., who is reported as missing.



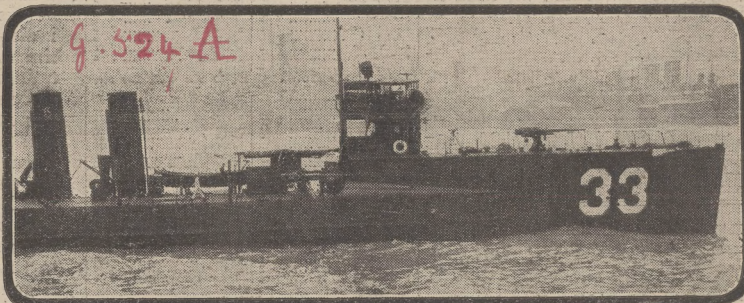
Squadron-Com. John J. Peira, awarded the D.S.C. He has taken part in the Allied air raids on Ostend and Zeebrugge.

TO BE DESTROYED WHEN THE HUNS RETREAT.



A church which has been converted into a hospital behind the Hindenburg line.

GUARDING THE GERMAN LINERS AT NEW YORK.



A destroyer is always there in case an attempt to escape should be made.

ALLURING CREATIONS AT DRAPERY TRADE EXHIBITION.



There are miles of stalls, laden with dainty articles of feminine wear, at the Drapery and Outfitting Trades Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Here are two bathing dresses and an embroidered summer frock fastened at the waist with beautiful coral ornaments. (Daily Mirror photographs.)